## VOLUME XXIV.-NUMBER 1.3

first entrance into one of our vast American for-ests, is upt to reduce the greatest talker to siof the mighty trees, that rose like so many gi ants around us, that wrought upon the imagina that spread over our heads, brought out the last tints of green now fast fading away, and threw a strange sparkling ray, a bar of light, across our path. Here was a magnodia with its snowy white blossoms, or a catalpa with its long cu-cumber-shaped fruit, amongst which the bright-hard red birds and paroquets glanced and flut-

even punthers; and this cover we resolved to

had seen nothing but wild pigeons and squirrels, and a few moscasin snakes warming themselves in the sun-beams, which tatter, on our approach,

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1880.

word.

"Mistress," said the doctor, "something must have happened to you or your family, to put you say out of sorts. We are strangers, but we are not without feelings. Tell us what is wrong. There may be means of helping you."

The man looked up; the woman shook her head.

to our guide, task a tarkey and the ham from him, and went into the house. We followed, sat down at the table, and produced our bettles. The backwoodsman placed glasses before us. We pressed him to join us, but he obstimately declined our invitation, and we at last became weary of wasting good words on him. Our party consisted, as before mentioned, of ten persons, two bottles were soon captical; and we were beginning to get somewhat merry whilst talking over our morning's ramble, when our host suddenly got up from his seat in the chimney corner, and approached the table. "Genmen," said he "you mus'n't think me uncivil if I tell you plainly that I can have no noise made in my house. It min't a house to larf instead it sin't, by G.— "And having so spoken, he resumed his seat, leant his head upon both hands, and relapsed into his previous state of gloomy reverie.

VOLUME EXIVE—AND REAL !

Select South Country of the country of th

and the challer was not one "and I who are all the challer was not all who are all the challer was not all the was not

accompanied by Clarke, who clung to him like his shadow, in the constant hope that he would at last make a revelation. They crossed the Mississippi together, and on arriving behind Concordia, the bereaved father once more besought Tully to tell him what had become of his son, swearing that, if he did not do so, he would dog him day and night, but that he should never escape alive out of his hands. The man asked how long he would give him. "Six and thirty hours," was the reply. Tully walked on for some time beside Charke and his wife, apparently deep in thought. On a sudden he sprang upon the backwoodsman, snatched a pistol from his belt, and aimed it at his head. The weapon missed fire. Tully saw that his murderous attempt had failed, and apprehensive doubtless of the panishment that it would entail, he leaped, without a moment's hesitation, into the deepest part of a creek by which they were walking. He sank immediately, the water cleaning over his head, and he did not once reappear. His body was found a couple of hours afterwards, but no trace was ever discovered of the Stolen Child."

A neat little codtage,
In front of a grosse,
Where in youth they first gave.
Their young boarts up to love
Was the solder of age.
And to them doubly dear,

Each tree had its thought, And the vow could impart, That singled, in youth, The warm wish of the heart: The twarm was stiff there. And the blossome it bore, And the same great the top. Seemed the same as before.

I have passed by his diser.

When the evening was gray.

And the hill and the Landscape

Were fading away.

And have heard from the coffage,

With grateful surprise,

The voice of thank-ogying.

Like incense arise.

And I thought on the prood.

Who would look down until soon.
On the neal little college.

The grave and the thorn;
And felt that the rich that

And that the rich so were

Were draw, to constantment.

With Bob and his wife.

OLD HUNDRED.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

church opposite, while we write

When the curtain of night When the curtain of night
Giver intrine was special,
And Bob had returned
From the plough to his shed,
Like the dore on her nest.
He reposed from all cure,
If his wife and his young sters
Contented were there.

As it called up the past, With a smile or a teur.

Miscellancous. BOB FLETCHER. HE TOWNSEND HATTER [The methor of this old and graphic poem was many yegs, Sepretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, a saferwards Register of the Trassury of the Unitates, at Washington.]

I once knew a phonghman.
Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was rely,
And we was his dame.
Yet they lived quite contented.
And free from all stric.
Bob Fletcher the plong-iman,
And Judy his wife. As the morn strenked the cast, And the hight fiel away. They would rave up for kalon. He freshed for the day: And the song of the lark. As it rose on the gale. Found Rob at the poor, And his wife at the pull.

scores of the dear dead have been carried and haid before the same altar where they gave them-selves to God, seem to breathe off "Old Hundred" from vestibule to tower-top—the very air is haunt-ed with its spirits.

Think a moment of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune! Throng up-on throng—the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, the rapt faces, all beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds.

MY CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVES.

I had an anat coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage, and I don't know what evil genius prompted the wickedness, (I ac-knowledge with tears in my eyes that it was such,) which I perpetrated toward my wife and ancient relative.

"My dear," said I to my wife, on the day before my annt's arrival, "you know annt Mary is com-ing to-morrow; well, I forgot to tell you of a ra-ther annoying circumstance with regard to her; she's very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordina-ry tones, yet you will be obliged to speak ex-tremely loud in order to be heard. It will be ra-ther inconvenient, but I know you will do every-shing in your power to make her stay agreea-ble."

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard, if possible.

I then went to John T.——, who loves a joke about as well as any person I know of, told him to be at my house at 6 p. m., the following day, and then fell comparatively happy.

I went to the railroad depot next evening with a carriage, and when I was on my way home with my aunt, I said:

"My dear annt, there is one rather annoying infamily that Anna has, which I forgot to mention before. She's very deaf; and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, pro-tested that she rather liked speaking loud; and to do so would afford her great pleasure. The carriage drove up—on the steps was wife—in the window was John T——, with his face as utterly solemn as if he had buried all his rela-tives that afternoon.

tives that afternoon.

I handed out my aunt—she ascended the steps
"I am delighted to see you," shricked wife, an the pole-man on the opposite side-walk stared, and my annt nearly fell down the steps. "Kiss me, my dear," howled aput; and the hall lamp clattered; and the windows shock as with a fever and agne.
I backed at the window—John had disappear

I becked at the windows shock as with a fever and agne.

I becked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked any head into the carriage, and went intestrong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape, and there sait John with his face of wo.

Saddenly, "Did you have a pleasant journey!" went off my wife like a pistol, and John "—Jumped to his feet.

"Rather dusty," was the response in a war whoon, and in this manner the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks must have heard it, when I was in the third story of the building. I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening, my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loud your wife talks—don't it hurt her!" I told her all deaf persons talked londly, and my wife, being used to it, she was net affected by the exertion, and that Annt Mary was getting along with it nicely.

Presently my wife said: "Alf, how very lond your aunt talks."

"Yes," said L "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with it nicely. She hears every word you say."

"Yes," said L "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with it nicely. She hears every word you say."

"And I rather think she did.

Elatted at their success in being understood, they went at it, hammer and tougs, till every thing on the mantle-piece clattered again, and I was seriously affaid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My anni, being of an investigating turn of nind, was desirious of finding out whether the exertion of talking so londly strain your lungs?"

"Be an exertion," shrieked my wife.

"Descents—because—you can't hear if I don't, speciesl in how on you did her as a musical as when she was young." It is an exertion, shrieked my wife.

"Becunses—because—you can't hear if I don't, speciesl in how of the part of the mantle piece chartered again, and I was seriously affaid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My anni, being of a condition o

"Then why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't, squared my wife.

"What?" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a rail road-whistle, this time.

I began to think it time to evacanate the premises, and, looking around, and not seving John, I stepped into the back parlor, and there he lay, that on his back, with his feet at a right angle from his body, rolling from side to side, with his first poked into his ribs, and a most agonizing expression of countenance, foil not uttering a sound. Limmediately, and involuntarily, assumed a similar attitude, and I think that. The air is, also, the immertal "Old Hundred,"
If it be true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has be heard the declaration, "They are singing Old

North Carolina Witnesses.

It must be confessed they sometimes meet with are specimens of human nature in some of the courts of North Carolina. Almost everybody re-The writer gives it under the head of

n for work and labor done in cutting ditch

Do you know what he got in pay for it? inquir-ed Col. C. for defendant.
"He never got nothin, as ever I heard on, that's what he never got," answered the witness.
"Didn't your daddy get corn and bacon from

last Summer!"
"Vittles, mostly." "What sort of victuals!"
"Well, meat and bread, and some whiskey."
"Where did he get that meat and bread!"
"Well, fast from one and fast from the other."
"Didn't he get some of it from defendant!"
"He mought."
"I know he mought, but did he! that's the

"Wanted—a printer, says a cotemporary.

"Wanted—a printer, says a cotemporary.

Wanted—a mechanical curiosity, with brain and
fingers; a thing that will set so many ems a day;
a machine that will think and act, but, still a
machine; a being who undertakes the most systematic and monotonous drudgery—yet one the
ingenuity of man has never supplanted mechanically, that's a printer.

A printer; yet, for all his dissipated and reckless habits, a worker—at all times and hours, by
day and night; setting up in close and nawholesome offices, when gay crowds are hurrying to
the theatres; later still, when street revelers are
gone and the city sleeps; in the fresh air of the

TIS MORNING, AND THE DAYS ARE LOS

BY R. S. PARKER, THE INDIANA PORT. I had a dream of other days:
In golden brings shows the wheat:
In angold greamers shows the waiter.
In tangled greamers shows the mainer.
The apairrels can with mindle feet;
And in rate our among the trees.
The bang-bird darted like a flame;
The cut-bird piped ber meledies.
Purlosining every warbler's fame;
And then I heard the trimuphal song.
"Tis morning, and the days are long."

They scattered roses, strewed the points, And sheated down the plausant value; I beard a thousand large position, And, isoching, were a thousand tales of minine vecely and joy.

They use king well the workly great-Each tandered girl and bare-foot bay. I bear shapers of my early fate. And then again the Kollain song.

"Tis morning, and the days are bing."

For winding past the storied town.
The river ran through booky greever,
It fined we colled our vessel, alone,
Full freighted with a myriad larver,
Our seeds word thatting to the gales,
With scarlet beyone and eliteds of bark
We minued them enthers, solitoners, suitAnd wateful them fade in shadows da
Thou flows the water found the wang.
"The morning, and the days are long."

Of morning, when the days are long, And youth and innocence are well.

There pulpitations wild and sweet. The thrills of many an old delight. And dimpled hands that lightly meet. And hearts that tremble to units. And hearts that tremble to unite, Arise man the may morn. Pass down the lovely vales, and stand, A picture of a memory lorn. The mixing of a lotter land— The mixing of a lotte land— A land where once we trailed the song. The morning, and the days are long.

HOW THE OLD MAN TOLD HER.

A matter of interest to the people of Connecti-ent and New Hampshire, as well as those of Mass-achusetts, is just now being agitated here. The Bunker Hill Meanment Association having voted to accept and place upon the battle ground of which it is the custodian a statue of Colonel Presa manifest perversion of historic truth. They de-clare that it has been over and over again con-clusively proved by the unimpenchable testimony of survivors of the battle, that while Col. Pres-

"Didn't be get some of it from defendant?"

"He mought."

"I know he mought, but did he! that's the question."

"Well, he mought, and then agin you know he moughtn't."

(With considerable excitement and in tones of thunder,) "Answer the question, sir, and no more of this trifling with your eath. Did your daddy, or did he not, get corn and bacon from the defendant for ditching!"

"Well, now, he mought; it don't occur adaptly, you know."

Here his hunor interferes, and with a stern, indicain frown, addresses witness thus:

"Witness, you must answer the question or the court will be compelled to deal with you. Can't you say yes or no?"

"Yell, hen, answer yes or no. Did, or did not your daddy get corn and bacon from the defendant the time referred to ?" inquired the Court. (Now fully aroused, and conscious of his danger.) "Well, hydge, I can't adraedly remember, you know, seein' as how it's all dun, bin gone and eat up; but," (planting himself firmly as one determined to out with it.) "to the best of my reckerlection, if my memory serves me right, he mought, and then again he moughtat."

The plaintiff saved his bacon. Verdict accordingly.

Wanted—A Printer.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Mrs. Wilcox was present at the General's death, one bright and beautiful Sabbath morning in the June of 1845, and she described it as a seene never to be forgotten. He leade them all adien in the tenderest terms, and gujoined them, old and young, white and black, to meet him in heaven. All were in tears, and when he had breathed his last the outburst of crief was irrepressible. The

and don't know but the question was then full answered.

In reckoning time for the common purposes life, it very early became necessary for a une do gree of regularity in its division. The year we taken as equal, it was supposed, to the earth revolution around the un. This period was determined by the ancients, by observing the size ow of a roal (stylus); when the shadow was show est until the number of days had elapsed ulien was again of the same length, represented the supposed, the sam's period. This was found the supposed, the sam's period. This was found the sections and industry progressed, it was found that the true or autonomical year (earth a person was not exactly 305 days, but 5 hours 4-month of the core of nearly 6 hours.

It is avident the

be 365 days, and was called the civil year. But as science and industry progressed, it was found that the true or astronomical year (earth's period) was not exactly 36 days, but 5 hours 46 minutes. It seems to the was all forced or of hearly 6 hours. It is evident that, in course of time, this would amount to a great deal—one day in four years—and cause the utmost confusion, and comprise reversion of the season—etc. Consequently a revision of the season—etc. This was entire the found of the contract of the months in their present form. To esqualize the civil and astronomical year, he ordered an infercalary day to be added to February, every fourth year. This was called leap year, and containes the 6th of the halends of March was acquired twice, the months being divided into halves, nones, and idea. The Julian calendar, as 'he formed, was adopted in 25°, and for a time the civil and true year agreed thereshoat. But you was seen apparent that a deviation was in properties of the calendar of hours, the fear years are seally accounted for, the difference between the true and civil year 5h. &n. &n. Amount is considered the correction to the calendar of hours, the fear years were too long by 11 minutes. In 400 years while its of years should be common in 1522 by Pope Gregory XIII., and was done by skipping, as it were, a portiou of time, the stiff the year, and if the reversion was necessary to harmonize the year. This was accomplished in 1522 by Pope Gregory XIII., and was done by skipping, as it were, a portiou of time, the stiff of hearthy of the population of the years. The necessary is not divisible by 100, of 365 days, "This was found to be the only method of equaliting the

the rope from a finite around his neck, and set he to his clothes, and with the revolver cocked at his head, jumped off, and—"

"Blowed his head off!"

"If you don't shut up!" and he looked flat-irons at her. "No, he didn't do anything of the kind, You see, the pistod went off too quick, and cut the frope, then he dropped into the sea, and that put the fire out, and a swallow of salt water made him throw the poison up, and when he found he couldn't touch bottom, he got scared and swam ashore."

"And he didn't—"

"No, he didn't, ""

"No, he didn't; but he'll be here to supper directly, and that's what I'm waiting for."

But this morning John explained to his friends that the reason his hat wouldn't fit him was, he believed, because he was going to have a carbonnels on his head.